Hot. My Liege, I did deny no priſoners,
But I remember when the fight was done,
When I was drie with rage and extreme toyle,
Breathles and faint, leaning vpon my ſword,
Came there a certaine Lord; neat and trimly dreſt,
Freſh as a Bridegroome; and his chin new reapt,
Shewd like a ſtubble land at harueſt home:
He was perfumed like a Milliner,
And twixt his finger and his thumbe hee held
A pouncet box, which euer and anon
He gaue his noſe, and tookt away againe,
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Tooke it in ſnuffe, and ſtill he ſmilde and talkt,
And as the ſouldiers bore dead bodies by,
He cald them vntaught knaues, vnmannerly,
To bring a ſlouenly vnhand-ſome coarſe,
Betwixt the winde and his Nobility,
With many holy day and Lady tearmes.
He queſtioned me: among the reſt demanded
My priſoners in your Maieſties behalfe.
I then all ſmarting, with my wounds being cold,
To be ſo peſtered with a Popinjay,
Out of my griefe and my impatience,
Anſwered neglectingly, I know not what,
He ſhould, or hee ſhould not, for he made me mad
To ſee him ſhine ſo briske, and ſmell ſo ſweete,
And talke ſo like a waiting-Gentle-woman,
Of Guns & Drums, and wounds, God ſaue the marke;
And telling me the ſoueraign'ſt thing on earth,
Was Parmacity for an inward bruiſe;
And that it was great pitty, ſo it was,
This villanous Saltpeter ſhould be dig'd
Out of the bowels of the harmleſſe Earth;
Which many a good tall fellow had deſtroy'd
So cowardly: and but for theſe vile Guns,
He would haue beene himſelfe a Souldier.
This bald vnioynted chat of his (my Lord)
I anſwered indirectly (as I ſayd)

And

And I beſeech you, let not this report
Come currant for an accuſation
Betwixt my loue, and your high Maieſty.
Blunt. The circumſtance conſidered, good m
What er'e *Harry Percy* then had ſayd
To ſuch a perſon, and in ſuch a place:
At ſuch a time, with all the reſt retold,
May reaſonably die, and neuer riſe,
To doe him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he ſayd, ſo he vnſay it now.
King. Why, yet hee doth deny his priſone
But with prouiſo and exception,
That we at our owne charge ſhall ranſome ſt
His brother in law, the fooliſh *Mortimer*,
Who in my ſoule hath wilfully betraide
The liues of thoſe, that he did leade to fight,
Againſt the great Magician, damned *Glendo*
Whoſe daughter as we heare, the Earle of *M*
Hath lately married: ſhall our coffers then
Be emptied to redeeme a traytor home?
Shall we buy treaſon? and indent with feares
When they haue loſt and forfeited themſelu
No, on the barren Mountaine let him ſtarue,
For I ſhall neuer hold that man my friend,
Whoſe tongue ſhall aske me for one penny c
To ranſome home reuolted *Mortimer*.
Hot. Reuolted *Mortimer*?
He neuer did fall off, my Soueraigne Liege,
But by the chance of warre: to proue that t
Needes no more but one tongue: for all thoſe
Thoſe mouthed wounds which valiantly he
When on the gentle *Seuernes* ſiedgy banke
In ſingle oppoſition hand to hand,
He did confound the beſt part of an houre,
In changing hardiment with great *Glendow*
Three times they breath'd, and three times
Vpon agreement of ſwift *Seuernes* flood,
Who then affrighted with their bloody loo